

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:

For vertues office neuer breakes men troth,
 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
 As the vnfallid Lilly, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
 Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
 We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
 A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In curtesie giues vnderstanding praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,

And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)

They did not blesse vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,

When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Qu. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,

Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete

With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:

By light we loose light; your capacitie

Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,

Wife things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie

Ros. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Qu. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Qu. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Qu. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are discried,

They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Qu. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Qu. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes
 sadde?

Ros. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke
 you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Qu. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,

Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,

Taffata phrases, filken tearmes precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies;

Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them, and I heere protest,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my weing minde shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kerseioes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is found, sans cracke or flaw.

Ros. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Qu. Yet I haue a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leaue it by degrees: loft, let vs see,

Write Lord haue mercie on vs, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These Lords are visited, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Qu. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Qu. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Qu. Speake for our selues, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude trans-

gression, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confesion.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Qu. When these shall challenge this, you will reiect

her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

About this World: adding thereto moreover,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,

you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princess I did giue,

I knew her by this lewell on her sleeue.

Qu. Pardon me fir, this lewell did she weare,

And Lord Beronne (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Qu. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mutable-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick

That smiles his cheek in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we

Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of the.

Now to our periury, to adde more terror,

We are againe foitworne in will and error.

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?

And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

And stand betwene her backe fir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.

Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shroud.

You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie

Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car-

riere bene run.

Qu. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Qu. O Lord fir, they would kno,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Qu. What, are there but three?

Qu. No fir, but it is vana fine,

For euery one pursents three.

Qu. And three times thrice is nine.

Qu. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what

we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Qu. Is not nine.

Qu. Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it

doth amount.

Qu. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Qu. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your

living by reckning fir.

Qu. How much is it?

Qu. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir

will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne

part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one

poore man) Pompey the great fir.

Qu. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Qu. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of Pompey

the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of

the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Qu. Go, bid them prepare.

Qu. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some

care.

King. Beronne, they will shame vs:

Let them not approach.

Qu. We are shame-prooue my Lord: and 'tis some

politic, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his

companie.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how

Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents

Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:

Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Qu. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will viter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

Qu. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:

For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:

Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they

say) to Fortuna delaguar, I wish you the peace of minde

most royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;

He presents Hector of Troy, the Swaine Pompey great,

the Parish Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules,

the Pedant Iudas Machabens: And if these foure Wor-

thies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change

habites, and present the other fiue.

Qu. There is fiue in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Qu. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the

Fooles, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,

Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and here shee comes againe.

Enter Pompey.

Qu. I Pompey am.

Qu. You lie, you are not he.

Qu. I Pompey am.

Qu. With Libbards head on knee.

Qu. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Qu. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.

Qu. The great.

Qu. It is great fir: Pompey surnam'd the great:

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat:

And trauiailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of

France.

If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

Qu. Great thankes great Pompey.

Qu. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-

fect. I made a little fault in great.

Qu. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the

best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-

mander:

By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conq'ring might

My scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alexander.

Boier. Your nose saies no, you are not:

For it stands too right.

Qu. Your nose smells no; in this most tender smel-

ling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismayd:

Proceede good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-

mander.

Boier. Most true, 'tis right: you were so Alexander.

Qu. Pompey the great.

Qu. your seruant and Costard.

Qu. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alexander

Qu. O fir, you haue overthrowne Alexander the con-

queror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for